ROWENY IN BOSTON.

VIII.

PHILIP'S VISIT

1891 . By The Tribune Association wens was hurrying down Tremont-st. She had been up since 6 o'clock. At twenty minutes after that hour she had drank her coffee and eaten a baker's roll. If she had been at home she would have given the roll to the chickens. It had never been good, and now it was stale. Hav- it was a first-rate house. He had left his bag ing eaten it, it remained, not only heavily present in the digestive tract, but in her mind also. She kept thinking how poor it had been, and how good her mother's hot biscuit always were. She shought she must need some thoroughwort or sarsaparilla now it had become spring. She felt, as her Uncle Reuben had said, "kind of pindlin'."

his eyes constantly seeking those of his com-On his last trip to Boston he had attempted to panion. bring in a squash pie as an offering from his wife The attempt had resulted in the most disastrous failure. When it arrived it was directed to the studio. Now he sat in the parlor "jest pig's victuals," as he said ruefully. It was while Rowena went to her own room. He thought eventually gathered up in the public cart which stopped at Mrs. Jarvis's.

But the home-made sausages, and the "souse, and the gingerbread from the Tuttle homestead came in good condition. Rowens cried over them. even over the souse. She ate them thankfully They were gone now. But the letter accompanying them remained. It was a joint production of all the Tuttle family. By this statement, I de not mean that it was long. These people could not express themselves with pen and paper. The most ferse statement of facts was presented. One sister announced that it was believed that "Georgie Warner had got a beau. He worked winters in the factory at Middle Village. He had red hair. He, was called a likely man.'

Rowena thought this might account for Georgie's remissness in writing. Another sister wrote that "Philip Barrett's gray horse had died of the botts."

Rowena could repeat the entire epistle from beginning to end. She was doing so as she walked now. She had come out for a long tramp before it was time to go to the studio. As she approached that place she was thinking of her mother's counsel that she "should be sure and not work too hard."

With her mother's words in her mind and with their effect in her face, making it soft and tremulous, she paused as an object fell at her feet. She had not been noticing anything around her. Mechanically she picked up the object, a short, cane-like whip, such as she had seen in the hands of horseback riders. At the same moment a voice above her said : "Oh, it is Miss Tuttle! Thanks;" for Rowens

gave the whip into Miss Phillipps's hand. " Don't dismount, Keats, there is no need.

Now Rowens saw the two riders, Miss Phillipps and a gentleman, who lifted his hat while he looked at the girl rather more markedly than was necessary for the polite salutation of a stranger. As for the country girl, still quivering with her

thoughts of home and the beloved ones there, the sight of these two, mounted on glossy horses, dressed scrupulously, with the indiscribable air of wealth and leisure and refinement, the sight of them was like a picture, not as if they were living Rowena felt remote. She hardly human beings. responded to Miss Phillipps's words.

The two rode on. Again the gentleman raised Miss Phillipps waved her hand and his hat. smiled.

Something bitter and rebellious rose Rowena's heart. It was still there when she reached the studio, and she was late. Breathless, flushed, she walked in among the class of young ladies. The model was already posing. Allestree was moving up and down the long room after his manner, with his big beard held in his left hand. Hurriedly Rowena took her customary place.

She looked at the She arranged her brushes. model, who was a young girl with arms and bust undraped that they might be studied and copied. Rowena's hands trembled. She had walked too far and too fast, and she had not yet become ac-

customed to the idea of a model-at least not a model like this. The girl's face, as she stood there, with all those eyes upon her, was as inexpressive as a bit of wood. Allestree sometimes walked up to her and

slightly touched her neck or arm as he spoke of some muscle that must be well brought out. Every ime he did so Rowena shrank and her lips quivered. That is, at first. After a time she forgot that her model was alive. The spirit of her work had entered into her.

It was not until the class broke up and she was putting on that despised shawl that she again thought of the two she had seen on the street. She envied them. As she descended the broad marble stairs, which no longer overawed her with their grandeur, she said aloud :

"Yes, I envy them. How mean I must be to feel like that!

She was recalling the man's face, which bore a slight family resemblance to that of Miss Phillipps There had been a monocle in the right eye and Rowena'strongly resented the effect it gave. She had childishly wished to strike it out. She did not believe there was any need of it.

Miss Phillipps was getting careless about coming to the studio. Her group of Indian pipes on their moss-bed had not grown of late.

Instead of going to her room, Rowena wandered across the common and out toward the Public Gardens. She was senselessly irritated and despendent. Her art was drudgery.

She did not see that many people turned to look back at her. The ugly shawl could not hide the springing grace and style of her carriage. She did not see some one coming hesitatingly down the walk that led from the direction of the State House. She had just decided in her own mind that the gentleman with Miss Phillipps was the same she had once seen in the lady's carriage, when a hesitating, almost deprecating voice said

"Ain't that you, Roweny?" She paused suddenly, the color leaving her face in the excess of her surprise. It was almost as if she had looked in at the old kitchen at home to

hear that slow, nasal tone. She held out her hands impulsively.

Oh, Philip!" she exclaimed. Young Barrett could now hardly speak from sheer joy at the greeting given. Of course he was sufficiently masculine in his appreciation of himself to feel that it was her gladness at seeing him. He could not suspect that all the happiness and freedom of her old life seemed to come back to her at sight of him.

He held her hands. He stammered out rapturously that "he'd ben kinder 'fraid she wouldn't know him." "Knew you? Do you change so rapidly out

She withdrew her hands. She laughed gayly.

In this recital Rowena showed a good deal of interest. She now became animated and asked many questions about "all the folks." Barrett eagerly replied. He showed an aimost pittable desire to say what would please her. He watched her. He felt there was something in her face he had never seen there before. He wondered what it was. He thought it was miserably foolish in her to study art. Women needn't study art. Of course she would get over it in a little time. But meanwhile he found it very hard to bear. She could paint and draw well effough now to make pictures to hang up in the sitting-room. In Philip Barrett's mind it was the very pinnacle of excellence in art to be able to hang something of your own in the sitting-room. He did not understand Rowena, but he meant to do so.

They climbed wearily to the top of the monument on Bunker Hill. When they stood there Philip found it more interesting to look at his companion's face than at the view. But she looked at the view. It was not a clear day. There was an uncertainty of outline that made the outlook peculiarly lovely and which stirred her soul. She uttered que or two exclamations Philip laughed also. The two stood looking at each other. The people who hurried by glanced smilingly at them. Philip had bought a new suit of clothes for

There was an uncertainty of outline that made the outlook peculiarly lovely and which stirred her soul. She attered one or two exclamations of delight. Barrett had the discretion not to respond. He thought it was "very pretty" to see everything spread out so before them. He would tell his mother about it.

Rowena clasped her hands. The wind blew her hair about the soft hat. Her eyes were radiant "That must be the Charles" she will be the classes. this visit. He had bought them at Middle Village. and he had been very proud of them. They bagged where they should have been snug, and were snug where they should have bagged. But Where he lived a new suit he did not know it. was a new suit. The art of dressing is not in the least a complicated affair in remote New-England

At last Rowena bethought herself and moved on. towns. Philip walked by her side. He was still smiling breadly. He had never been so happy in his life He was glad he had given all that time, and labor and forces of life to writing that letter. He would write another, if necessary. He guessed he could write a letter if he "sut out."

When the two reached the Tremont-st. pave; ment a horseman came slowly close to the curb. It was the man who had, a few moments ago, tidden by Miss Phillipps. He again looked seriously at Rowena, with a kind of intentuess that made

"Who in time is that feller?" And the girl who in time is that feller?" And the girl only said, "I don't know." To which her com-

panion remarked "that he hoped he stared hard enough.

bered her greeting.

The mere sight of that horseman had somehow quenched Rowena's pleasure in meeting Philip. She tried to keep her face set to its first look. She made an attempt at a sprightly interest in Philip's talk. She asked questions, and did not wait for the answers. But Philip only remem-

He said he was going to stay in Boston until

the next day. He announced proudly that he

had engaged a room at a hotel on Brattle-st.,

where his uncle Tim used to put up, and he guessed

there. He wanted Rowena to go over to Bunker

money very often. He guessed he could afford

So he talked on eagerly, his honest face earnest,

He came into the house on Hudson-st. He

the parlor was beautiful. He found no fault

with the atmosphere, as Miss Phillipps had done

It seemed to him a fascinating luxury that the

apartment should be heated by a furnace. The

picture of the "Spirit Friend" on the wall was

of it, it was so vapory and undefined. But he

He did not dare to walk about in the room

He sat with his feet very near together and his

that came up through the furnace and from the

Mrs. Jarvis, in her palmleaf, wadded morning

be in some way a favor to Rowena to buy tickets

of her landlady. He said he guessed he'd take

It ended by his purchasing twenty-five tickets

for \$3. As he paid for them he incidentally re-

marked that he had come in to wait for Miss

Tuttle. At this Mrs. Jarvis said, with some ani-

mation, that she thought, and Madame Van Ben-

thuysen also thought, that if she would only let

herself be developed Miss Tuttle would make one

As he heard this, Barrett felt his hair rising

and his hands growing cold. He had heard of

mediums. He knew they were liable at any

moment to find their affinities. What if Rowena

He did not dare to say that he hoped Miss Tuttle

would not be a medium for fear Mrs. Jarvis

might, in some mysterious way known only to

spiritualists, cause the girl to be developed at

once. Barrett's ideas about spiritualism were

something the same as the generally received

notion regarding Salem witcheraft. One never

of Rowena's becoming a medium that he dared

not speak to the girl on the subject when she

presently came down stairs and took a seat near

He sat looking at her yearningly. He now saw

she was pale. He also told her she was "kinder

s'posed she could paint 'n' dror 's good 's anyhedy

At this she laughed again, now with some

difficult excellence is, and how much drudgery

there is on the road to it. And she had als

heard a great deal of talk about the folly of

women in trying to be artists. But she could

not give up her hope. Once in awhile her brush

would, apparently of its own volition, make a fev

strokes that gladdened her like an inspiration.

She meant to toil for the time when there would

be more such strokes. Once Allestree, looking at

her work at such a time, had said in his auto-

"Miss Tuttle, you will do.' You have the

if only the confounded feminine limitations do

Miss Phillipps had heard these last words. She

picture. She had pressed the hand caressingly.

"Don't believe his heresies," she had explained.

There are no more insurmountable feminine lim-

itations than masculine. In fact, art is sexless."

Allestree had seized his beard and walked away.

Rowens drank in all this talk and all these in-

She felt wise now as she sat opposite Philip

Barrett. She wished he had not procured a new

suit of clothes. All his natural dignity was hidden

by that dreadful Middle Vieuge suit. And he looked at her so persistently. Worse than that,

he somehow gave her the feeling that she had

What had she written him? And what had

"I s'pose you've ben to the monument a good

many times sence you come to the city, ain't

was sensible of some change in Rowena's manner,

He looked surprised. For him there was but

ne monument. He had told his mother he was

He was greatly cheered by her consent. He

took her to Copeland's for dinner. He was sur-

prised that he had so little appetite in the midst

of such luxury. In the horse-car ride to Charles-

town he gave a detailed account of the case of

otts which had resulted in the death of his gray

horse. In this recital Rowena showed a good deal of

"No: I haven't been there," indifferently.

"I wish you'd go with me this afternoon."

Barrett put this question rather timidly

though he could not account for it.

What monument ?" she asked.

Why, Bunker Hill, of course."

coming to Boston princfpally to see it.

What made him hold his hat as if it were

been her manner just now when she had met

given him the right to look at her thus.

fluences. She had moments of thinking. She was

"It should be, but it isn't."

Then he had added, as if to himself:

With this rejoinder

She laughed at that. He said "he

She was learning every day how

So great was his perturbation at the thought

knew who would next be declared a witch.

of the finest medyums in Borston,

should find her affinity?

the register.

pindlin'."

hitterness.

touch."

not interfere!"

very wise indeed.

a basket of eggs?

some; how much was she selling them for?

Rowena would some time be able to copy it.

hat on his knees

restaurant food.

basement.

to lay out a little once in awhile.

After awhile they crept down within the towering dungeon and emerged into the world with other people again.

Philip pleaded with the girl to go to supper with him. They rode back to Boston and strolled rather aimlessly along the streets. Rowena was getting very tired, but Philip did not think he should ever be tired. He said as much, rather againstly.

her hair about the radiant
radiant
"That must be the Charles," she said in a low voice. "And see, where the high light stripes that shore! What a delightful effect!"
Philip's spirits rose again. He wondered what she meant by "high light," but he had a kind of feeling that the beauty of the scene was something he had procured for her. This feeling gave him immense satisfaction.

After awhile they crept down within the towering dungeon and emerged into the world with

another waiter girl. The effect of this hilarity was such as to dampen Barrett's spirits a great deal. He could not shake off the idea that they were laughing at him.

It did not occur to either of these people that a chaperone was necessary. It was a simple and ordinary thing that they should go about thus. Evidently Philip had laid out a plan of battle to which he would adhere. He was so grieved when Rowena said she thought she would not go to the theatre in the evening that she relented. He went somewhere and returned about 7, while Mrs. Jarvis's later reglars were coming in. He had orchestra tickets for the Hollis Street Theatre. He said he guessed one play was the same as another, but some one had told him the Kendals were about the thing. Did Rowena know what the Kendals were? He would have been perjectly calm and unsurprised if she had answered that they were a species of gorilla.

leetly calm and unsurprised if she had answered that they were a species of gorilla.

Now that the name was mentioned, Rowena remembered that she had heard Miss Phillipps say to some one in the studio that there was a certain strong charm about Miss. Kendal's acting, but that she could wish the woman did not "pose so much at virtue" in her private life,—it was wearing; it was protesting too much; no one suspected her of being otherwise than exemplary.

The girl had felt a cynical ring in the voice that spoke those words, but she had not in the least understood them. Hill with him that afternoon. In the evening they would go to a theatre. He didn't spend

had already been there once, and had been Now at mention of the Kendals a swift interest sprang un in her mind. She forgot her fatigue. She had never been to a theatre in her life; neither had her escort. She ran upstairs for hat and shawl. When she descended she met Ferdinand Foster and his aunt, Madame Van Benthuysen. The latter was in her voluminous circular. Her voice was as rolling as ever. She threw one arm and part of the circular over Rowena's shoulder, and kissed her. She said she and Ferd had come to call on her. She had really been so occupied with one spirit and another for the last week or two that she had not had a minute of her own.

Inside the parlor Philip was waiting, and heard these words. He also saw the impressive manner. wonderful, though he could make nothing at all supposed it was a work of great art, and he hoped

Inside the parlor Philip was waiting, and heard these words. He also saw the impressive manner with which Foster looked at Rowena. The country youth was much struck with the glory of Ferdinand's necktie and watchchain. He experienced a sinking of the heart as he saw them. His own tie was a narrow black ribbon. He wished he had worn the silver chain that belonged to his watch; but he had left it at home lest it might tempt pickpockets.

He stepped forward in time to see Rowena smile at Foster. Almost at the same moment Foster said he and his aunt were going to get up a little

gown, came to the door and inquired if he had called to buy meal tickets. At that question, so at Foster. Almost at the same moment roster said he and his aunt were going to get up a little party to hear the Kendals and have a supper afterward. Of course Miss Tuttle would be one of unexpectedly put, he could hardly tell whether he wanted meal tickets or not. He had intended to disport himself among the various restaurants, for he had all the countryman's appreciation of

As he finished speaking. Foster swung himself bund in his big, rough ulster and saw a fellow round in his big, rough ulst in the parlor glaring at him. But now he had a confused sense that it might

TIME TO GO IN COMMISSION

NEWS OF THE YACHTS:

OWNERS REALIZE THAT THE SEASON FOR THEIR SPORT IS APPROACHING.

The spring like weather of the last week has made yacht-owners think of getting their boats ready to go in commission, but so far it has been of y thought and the figet racers of the sea are still stripped of rigging and shrouded in old canvas and the gloom of aving-up basins. Many yachtsmen prefer to lay their yachts at some port on the sound or up the Hudson for two reasons. First, it is generally cheaper and, secondly, they do not have to be so completely stripped of the standing rigging. There is an acid it the air about New-York which eats into hempen rigging in a manner which is surprising. This is supposed to be due to the caseous exalation from the thou nds of manufactories which are on and around Man hattan Island.

There is a mysterious yacht building in the yard o Fife of Fairlie, on the Clyde, which is supposed to be for an American owner. It was supposed that no American order was being filled either by Fife or Waton, and so closely has the secret of the twenty rate out, and it is not yet an established fact that the yacht is for an American. The putative owner of the new yacht is Charles H. Tweed, admiral of the Corin-thian Yacht Club of New York. She is being built in the most thorough manner, to be classed for twenty-onyears at Lloyds. Her forefoot is so cut away that si has almost no feeefoot at all, and the prophets say that she will sail around the Clara, Minerva and Jo If the new yacht is indeed for Mr. Tweed, her advent n these waters the coming summer will put new lif into the season's yachting.

"The Boston Globe," speaking of steam-racht racing says: "It has been suggested that in the present dull state of racing among sailing yachts, contests between steam yachts built purely with reference to speed would fill a part of the gap left vacant by the decrease in racing among sail yachts.

"Races such as those held by the American Yacht Club prove nothing, and add little to the knowledge elements of speed. Any attempts to race steam vachts designed primarily as cruisers will neces be fruitless. Everything which goes to make up the comfort of a steam yacht diminishes her speed Full lines, which give large accommodation, small engines, and machinery space, which also aid accome weighty construction, furnishings and equip ment, which add to the comfort and safety of a cruise

-all these things are directly opposed to speed. ad left her easel and walked to Rowena and put Much can be learned. would need to be small, as it would be too expens ve to build large vessels which would be unfitted for

ernising. dangerous. It must be admitted that races between yachts in which everything was sacrificed to roomy comfort would not be of the highest value, but they would be of far greater value than races between steam yachts built merely as racing machines. The best the yacht which combines the greatest seaworth; iess, the most room and the greatest speed. It is the province of the naval architect to accomplish this. It is this combination which is the problem he has to solve, A great floating seew which moves about from point to point in piemant weather with a grand piano on to point in piemant weather with a grand piano on Norther is a catamaran. In the case of steam yachts the problem of the engines enters in, but must go hand in hand with the problems which confront the naval architect. In order to make an advance in steam yachting it is necessary to have races between large yachts and not between small steam meting machines. It was not from a study of the torpedo-hoat that the swift cruisers of the Navy and the fast trans-Atlantic liners were evolved. Give us races between modern first-class steam yachts and we shall learn something. These are races the American Steam-Yacht Ciub tries to give and it is hoped that the coming season will seeveral of them. rovince of the naval architect to accomplish this, It is

give and it is hoped that the coming season will see several of them.

Speaking of the American Steam Yacht Club, what that institution needs is more voming men in it, a little more pepper and salt and enthusiasim. Most of its leading members are men whose large financial interests take up most of their time, who are men of that age that when they do five with the cares of business for a time they don't wish to take up the cares of a vacht club. The beautiful house of the club at Milton Point, a site almost mequalied on the Sound, is not Chubhouse, for instance.

The Eastern Yacht Club will spend \$2,000 in re-

withoused as it should be not need to extramolar imbinouse, for instance.

The Easter, Yacht Club will spend \$2,000 in retting its clubhouse at Marblehend this season. Latham A. Fisk will put his schoener yacht Grayling commission early this season. The crew are already Captain John Carter, who sailed the Genesta in he

in commission early this season. The crew are already on board.

Captain John Carter, who sailed the Genesta in her race against the Puritan for the America's Cup, will be the sailing master of the new forty rater building for J. A. Inglis in the yard of Fife of Fairlie.

Neafe & Leary are building for J. Pierpont Morgan a steam yacht from designs by J. Beaver-Webb. She is to be 235 feet over all, 27 feet beam and will have a draught of 10 feet. Mr. Morgan is the owner of the steam yacht Corsain, which he will probably sell when he gets his larger yacht. The new yacht is to be ready for launching on July 1. Her engines are of the latest type and it is expected that her serew will make 100 revolutions a minute.

The Herreshoft Company, at Bristol, R. L. are building a forty-six foot cutter, which rumor says is for E. D. Morgan, of New York. The yacht is 45 feet 3 inches over all, 13 feet beam and 10 feet 2 inches draught. It is some time since the genius of the Herreshofts has been put forth to produce a racing yacht, and the appearance of this boat will be watched with interest. The Shadow, the only boat that Succeeded in defeating the cutter Madge, it will be remembered was a Herreshoft boat and English yachtsmen still remember the Herreshoft cat-boat Gleam, which Frederick Allen Gower took over there and astonished the natives with rears ago. It may be that with the Herreshoft boat Mr. Morgan will get what he has been for some time seeding, a fast yacht. Mr. Morgan already owns the big steam yacht Catatina, which he purchased from the Duke of Sutherland last year, the schooner yacht Constellation and the cutter Moccasin. Through Manning's Agency the sloop yacht Vivid has been sold to John Curtin, the schooner yacht Rival to James S. Manning and the Newpert cathoat Humming Bird to Captain Clarke, of Cold Spring.

The sloop yachts Fanny, Esperito and Argo are among the yacht fitting out at Port Jefferson.

W. B. Paget has been elected commodove of the Royal Vivid ras held be even of the famous English racing ya

HARD ON THE COOK.

From The Washington Post. From The Washington Post.

Sometimes a hotel man will encounter a refinement of sarcasm that pierces even his blunted sensibilities. A public man, who was in the city not long aco is noted for his information and good taste in gastronomic matters. The landlord was smiling an affable greeting when the guest emerged from the dining-room, but the latter merely inquired whether he could have a messenger boy summoped.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"All right: and when he comes tell him to go over to the Blank Hotel and get me a porter-house steak."

MEXICAN-AMERICAN TRAITS

LIFE IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. LUXURIOUS METHODS OF TRAVEL-THE WORLD'S FAIR-RETURN OF THE CANNON CAPTURED IN THE WAR-THE MONROE

DOCTRINE WITH A MEXICAN GLOSS.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.1

Mexico, Feb. 12.-There are marked fluctuations in the current prices of Mexican curiosities. When a train draws up at a station the seller asks what he likes and the inexperienced traveller is grossly swindled. As the hour for departure approaches there is a break in prices all along the platform. The venders are then willing to take whatever they can get for their wares. best bargains are those made when the whistle has been blown and the train is already in motion. During the last three minutes at the station, opals, feather-work, rag figures, Guadalupe bottles, Guadalajara pottery, Indian baskets, and all other classes of curiosities are scaled down from one half to two-thirds in valuation. The same process takes place during the closing hours of a Raymond party's sojourn in the National capital. When the guests arrive and take possession of that palatial barn, the Iturbide, there is a buoyant movement in all the shops and prices are inflated. When the party has rounded out its ten days of observation of the city and set out for the North, depression reigns and there is a collapse of the opal market. During the interval between the departure of one Raymond party and the arrival of the next tourists can profitably do a little business in curiosities. Three days ago one of these parties left the city and almost immediately Opal Joe heavily discounted his entire stock of treasures and the troop of streetvenders in San Francisco-st. were willing to sell out at panie prices. It is not to be inferred that the Raymond tour-

ists are innocents abroad at the mercy of ex-

tortioners. The party of fifty-four which has left Mexico this week under the direction of Charles H. Wilson and Frederick E. Ayer, with the two Truchearts of San Antonio as interpreters, has made large purchases and bagged a great deal of game, but I doubt if any member of it has paid the first price asked, even for a basket of oranges. The conductors and interpreters have not allowed their patrons to be swindled, but have protected them in every way against overcharges. This is a fair illustration of the excellent organization of these parties. The casual tourist drifting into a Mexican hotel and taken in tow by one of the interpreters is conveyed to shops where his guide gets a commission on everything that is sold. The Raymond interpreters, instead of dividing profits with the sellers, beat lown the prices and save one-half of the purchaser's money. For those who desire to travel through Mexico not only in comfort, but even luxuriously, the Raymond excursions offer superior advantages. The berths in the Pullman vesti ouled cars are always clean and comfortable, and that cannot be said of Mexican hotel beds. The tourists breakfast and dine in the hotel car, as well as they would in the best New-York hotel, and are spared all the discomforts of diet in Mexico where the cooking is inferior to that of Cuba or of any other country in Spanish America. Moreever, these parties are not left at the mercy of railway companies, which make a practice of starting trains at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning Their trains run to suit their own convenience, and all that is most interesting on the Mexican Central, International and Vera Cruz lines is seen with the least possible discomfort. Perhaps this ribute to the excellent management of thes excursions will have greater force, coming as it does from one who has not travelled in this luxuri ous way, but has met the parties and observed that every one speaks in the highest terms of the conductors and interpreters and is keenly en oving the journey.

The best buyer of this Raymond party was a ittle lady whose Spanish was restricted to the wo words, "dos reales," meaning two bits, or twenty-five cents. Whenever she wished to purchase anything at a milway station or a street corner she would smilingly ask, "Dos reales?" In return she would receive all sorts of prices and figures, which were unintelligible to her. but she would hold her ground and amiably repent "dos reales" until she got what she wanted I afterward tried the same expedient myself with marked success, and can recommend it to all travellers in Mexico as the secret of economy.

As for opals, which are said to be very cheain this city and in Queretare, the best thing that a New-Yorker can do is to save his money and buy them at Tiffany's when he returns. That house, as well as the other American jewellers. have agencies in the Mexican opal districts and purchase all the best stones. Those which are nawked about the hotels and railway stations are stones with little fire and ordinarily with flaws and imperfections concealed by the set tings. Good opals are not cheaper here than in New-York, and it is unsafe for any one who is not a competent judge of these brilliant stones to pay the prices asked. There are many curiosities, especially native potteries, baskets, feather work, rag and wax figures, sweetmeats and onyx ornaments, which can be purchased reasonably if the services of hotel interpreters are dispensed with and one-third of the original price is paid. There is no other country in Spanish America. where so many characteristic Indian products can be obtained as in Mexico. Elsewhere the markets and bazars are filled with European goods of the cheapest sort. Here are home manufactures and manual arts which supply a varied stock of Mexican wares. The showy woollen blankets or zarapes universally worn by men of the lower classes are made in the country, and so also are their broad-brimmed hats, whethe of straw or felt. The bright-colored rebosos and mantas, in which the women delight, are also manufactured here; and so also are the pottery and glass on the tables of the poor and nearly all the articles in common use. Mexico is not dependent upon Europe for its manufactures, as Spanish-America has virtually become.

There is no other country south of the United States which can send to the World's Fair at Chicago so interesting and varied an exhibit a For this reason it is fortunate that special pains have been taken to solicit the coperation of the Government and mercantile classes. H. C. Payne is the resident commercial commissioner for the Exposition, and he now has as an associate a very bright and capable man, Lieutenant Asher C. Baker, of the United States Navy who has been sent out by the State Department as a special commissioner and accredited as an attache of the United States Legation. Lieutenant Baker has been well received by the President and by the Foreign Office, and intends to visit nearly all the centres of manufacturing, mining and agriculture in Mexico, and to interest producers in the World's Fair. Remaining in the country for two years, he will undoubtedly enlist the sympathy of mercantile classes and secure a representative and brilliant exhibit of Mexican antiquities, products and manufactures.

The educational effect of such an exhibit in the United States will be very great. Mexico is now regarded there as a poverty-stricken and helpless country, without industrial aptitude and resources This impression will be removed if the native manufactures of cottons, woollens, potteries, tiles, hardware, cutlery, glass, paper, leather, felt, household furniture and silver can be adequately dis-played. All these wares are of the coarsest grades ments of a consuming population which is very poor. Mexico can, moreover, exhibit fibres, woods, medicinal barks and herbs, fruits and flowers, agricultural products of both the temperate and torrid zones, marbles and precious stones, and nearly all the metals. A display at the World's Fair which will do justice to the country will impress Americans with the importance of cultivating friendly relations with it, and of removing, so far as possible, all unnecessary restrictions upon trade. There are strong grounds for hoping that the

Mexican exhibit at Chicago will be one of the chief attractions of the Werld's Fair.

The appointment of this special commissioner is appreciated in Mexico as a compliment to a nation which the United States has never made much effort to conciliate. Another graceful act could be done before the World's Fair opens. At West Point there are a number of Mexican guns which were captured at Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, Vera Cruz, and other battlefields of the war of 1849. There must be also a large number of battle flags either at West Point or in Washington which were taken during that campaign. The retention of these cannon and trophies in so conspicuous a place as West Point is not a magnanimous act. If these guns and flags should be presented to the military school at Chapultepec, it would be a practical evidence of good feeling on the part of the United States. It would be a token that the great Northern Republic, which waged a ruthless and unjustifiable war of conquest with a weak and defenceless rival, was unwhiling to retain permanently trophies which would remind its youthall soldings of the handling of the con-

with a weak and defenceless rival, was unwilling to retain permanently trophies which would remind its youthful soldiers of the humiliating defeats of Mexico. If Congress were to authorize the transfer, one military academy could return the cannon and flags to the other, and it would be a sign that the future officers of the American army do not desire to win their spurs in a war as unjustifiable and as wanton as the campaign against Mexico. The cannon could be sent back to Chapultepec, where the Mexican cadets once fought as bravely as veterans for the defence of their school, as well as their country, against the American invaders, and West Foint would be well rid of trophies which were gained with dishonor in an immoral war of conquest.

This thought came to me when a group of students were eagerly questioning me about West Point, and asking whether the prospect from the parade ground there was as fine as the view of the Valley of Mexico and the two volcanoes from Chapultepec. One of the young men was already planning a journey to the World's Fair, but he preferred to go to New-York by sea rather than overland to Chicago, for he wished to see West Point, and to find out what sort of military training the officers of the American Army, were receiving. Knowing that he would probably see the Mexican guns there, I felt very much like dissuading him, especially when he pointed out the monument to the calets who fell in the storming of Chapultepec re, I left very much like dissaiding aim ially when he pointed out the monumer cadets who fell in the storming of Chapulte the easiets who fell in the storming of Chaputerpec-almost on the very ground where we were stand-ing. The military college is on the lower terrace of the palace occupied by the President of Mexico as a summer residence, and the park adjoining, with its express avenues, narterres of flowers, and artificial lake, is a public pleasure ground. The return of the flags and cannon from one military school to the other would be a graceful gift to the President and the people of Mexico, and a pledge of amity and good will on the part of the United States.

States.

Leon P. Feustman, who is the agent of the Mexican Ore Company of Laredo, in the picturesque mining region of Catarce, on the National Railway, has told me an amusing story illustrating Mexican prejudice against the United States. He was talking one day with a Mexican about American disinterestedness in continental affairs and referred to the Monroe Doctrine. "Yes," said his triend, "we know what that kind of disinterestedness means. It is America for the Americansmeans in the whole continent for your people when they think they can get it." He had heard the phrase, "America for the Americans, and had interpreted it as an annexation menace. The Americans were the grasping, covetous, aggressive Yankees, and they were lusting already after what remained of Mexico from the war of spoliation. This was a fairly intelligent Mexican conception of the Monroe Doctrine. He ought perhaps to have known that it was the reassertion of the Monroe Doctrine. ception of the Monroe Doctrine. He ought perhaps to have known that it was the reassertion of the Monroe Doctrine at the close of the Civil War in 1865 which involved the withdrawal of the French garrison, the downfall of Maximilian and the triumph of Junrez and Diaz; but that great service rendered to Mexico as an act of reparation for the unjust war of 1847 had not been appreciated. The Monroe Doctrine in his estimation was simply a proclamation of Yankee green and aggrandizement.

ed and aggrandizement Recause there is a dec a deep feeling of prejudice Because there is a deep feeling of prejudice against the United States, pains ought always to be taken to remove grounds for distrust and to in-spire Mexicans with confidence in the good faith spire Mexicans with confidence in the good faith and disinterestedness of the American people. The rejection of the treaty of reciprocity, the Windom ruling in relation to ores, the revival of discriminations against Mexican bottoms and the tariff war on the border have been a series of untoward events which have alienated public feeling on this side of the border. It is of the highest importance that this unfriendliness should be removed by acts of international courtesy and by diplomatic amenities. The Mexican is often insincere, but never impolite, and discourtesy in another he interprets as enmity. When introduced to a stranger he will say that his house is at the other's service. If the stranger expresses a desire to go to the top of Popacatepetl, his new friend will answer that he has long been desiring to scale the volcano himself, and will take pleas. to scale the volcano himself, and will take pleasure in accompanying him on the next Sunday and in making all the preliminary arrangements; and then the will never think of the engagement again. This is Spanish-American politeness. The American, while more downright and sincere, lacks that extenditions display of courtesy while character. can, while more downright and sincere, access may ostentations display of courtesy which characterizes the Mexican's dealings with his neighbor. These are differences in race traits which are disclosed every day in business relations between Americans and Mexicans. These Americans are most successful here who are most conciliatory and excite the least projudice in little matters. American diplomacy with Spanish-America needs to be conducted with a retinement of delicacy and with consummate tact.

STRANGE ENDURANCE AFTER AN ACCIDENT.

From The Chicago Inter-Ocean. rom the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Last Tuesday evening an engineer on the Northwestern Road found a human arm lying beside the
racks at the intersection of Arrestan-ave. It was
urned over to the police and was taken to Klaner's
indertaking establishment, on Milwauker-ave., where

it still reposes on 10%. A hystery surrounded the indings of the ara. A scarch was instituted, but no one was found with a missing member.

Two detectives worked two whole days without avail. The owner could not be found. At first it was thought that it mer have come from some surgical college, but the fact that it was mutilated at the ellow-joint led to the belief that some one had been ground to death beneath the wheels of the cars. A thorough search was made, and for nearly two dars the country for miles around was scoured to assertain from whence the mutilated member came.

Wedue day night the West Chicago ambulance was called to a saloon on Clebourne Place and a man was called to a saloon on Clebourne Place and a man was called to a saloon on the bourne Place and a man was called to the County Hospital suffering from a number of cuts and benises. His left arm was gone at the clow. He was beastly intoxicated, and could not or would not tell where he had net with his accident. It developed on inquiry that he had been accound to a dozen different saloons in the vicinity soliciting drinks, lie would enter a place, and throwing the mutilated stump of his arm on the bar all covered with clotted blood, would implore the bortender for a drink. Thus he got his load of whiskey. Vesterday his arm was amputated at the shoulder at the hospital. He survived the shock all right, but it will probably always remain a mystery as to how the accident happened.

THE METER STOPPED BY A SPIDER'S WEB. From The Chicago Times.

From The Chicago Times.

The superintendent of an electric light station gives a strange instance of the stopping of a meter and the explanation of the trouble.

On examining the meter, which was of twenty-eight capacity, after a lapse of a month, in order to determine the quantity of current to be charged for, he found that the consumer, in the pressure of business, had placed a number of small boxes around the meter, concealing it from view.

As it was desirable not to disturb them, it was suggested and agreed to that the meter be allowed to run another month. At the end of rise second month, in coart being clear, the meter was examined, and it was found that it recorded only five hours since the time of last examination.

This looked suspicious, but there was no ground to believe that the meter had been tampered with.

A very close inspection revealed the fact that a spider had spin its web around the fans so that they could not rotate under the action of the current.

It appears that the screws which held the cover to the top of the instrument had not been put in, and that the spider had taken advantage of the opening and established himself in the cosey quarters.

TWO HINTS TO SMOKERS.

From The Albany Argus.

A well-known tobacconist says: "If you are a smoker and don't own a cigar-case, carry your cigars in your upper vest pocket, on the left, with the month end downward. The constant motion of your right arm is sure to crush the tobacco and loosen the wrapper, if the cigars be on the right side, and the result is more readily attained with the match end down. If you have to let a cigar go out and are not too fasticlious to smoke an 'old soldier,' do not pull in the last puff, but blow it through the burning end. In this way the nicotine is expelled, which would otherwise gather at the mouth and prevents the cigar from having a rack taste."

Of malarial fever are not to be counteracted by quinine with any degree of certainty or for any length of time. The eradication and prevention of diseases of a miasmatic type are, and patterns, but they suffice to meet the require- however, ascertained possibilities. Long experience has shown that there is infinitely more preventive efficacy in the line botanic medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, than in the alkaloids, drugs and poisons which were formerly the only recognized means of removing and anticipating attacks of fever and ague and billious remittent. When the system has been depleted by periodically recurring paroxysms, this agreeable restorative renews the fund of energy, and is not only a positive specific, but repairs the damage to the general health inflicted by all febrile complaints portaking of the malarial character.

STAGE ARCHITECTURE.

SCENIC HOUSES BUILT LIKE REAL ONES.

HOW A PLAY IS MADE TO PLEASE THE ARTISTIC EYE-ONE PICTURE INSTEAD OF A DOZEN.

In the palmy days of the drama its patrons were meetimes content with such productions of plays, in the matter of scenery and surroundings, as would not now be tolerated in a first-class metropolitan theatre. Palmy days of the drama are like saints: they are never recognized as palmy till many years after they, are gone. It was perhaps a good arrangement and one showing even-handed justice that the earlier days were palmier than the later ones, in order to comper sate for many recent undoubted improvements. When the footlights were a row of candles or oil lamps, had to be dropped through a slit in the stage to darken the scene suddenly and when tableaus were illumin by red and blue fires, many important and beautiful effects must have been lost that are now accomplished with perfect ease and simplicity by the aid of gas the electric lights and calciums. This is only an example. The gasman is not the only attendant of the theatre, whose province was enlarged till it became necessary to put his name on the programme, The scenepainter has found himself growing in greatness and glory till, as if he had reached the highest development possible for him, some manager conceived the plan of engaging a practical architect as the head of his scenic department, instead of a scenepainter. Perhaps this was not the actual course of occurrences, possibly the practical architect first conceived the plan of being engaged by the manager; but this does not greatly matter.

An architect, to be worth anything, must be an artist, by instinct and feeling, at least. Nobody needs to be told that. He went to a theatre and said mentally or aloud: "There is something wrong about this scene; to put up a house with its rooms and doors and staircases and chimneys arranged like this would drive a builder crazy, and if it was put up it would all down. That other scene is planned well enough, but the colors are such that the costumes of the actors can scarcely be seen against them." The people in the audience did not know that they were suffering an imposture and they did not appreciate their wrongs, ont then, neither did the people who used to make long journeys in stage-coaches know that they were suffering any unreasonable inconvenience. Let the architect build a scene and perhaps they would see the difference and appreciate the change. MANY TASKS FOR ONE MAN.

An architect who has done much to show News

Yorkers how stage settings may be made at once correct and beautiful is William H. Day. Many of the results of his taste and skill have been seen at the Lyceum Theatre and other theatres have profited by them at times. One advantage of the system, though by no means the only one, is that it places ome part of the control of several apparently separate departments in the hands of one man, so as to secure the greatest possible harmony in the final result. Thus the architect, who might better be called the artist while he is in the theatre, not only designs the scenery, but determines what furnishings and properties shall be used, tells the actors what colors they may wear in order that they may stand in clear relief against the backgrounds provided and may form a pleasing picture, and superintends the arrangement of lights. A brief account of the process of getting a play ready for the stage may help to an understanding of the part that an architect may have in it. The true object is not to make a display of elaborate settings and costly hangings and dresses or intricate mechanical effects, but to present and interpret the

play. Whatever is needed to help the actors in placing the play before the public must be provided, and in such a way as to second the efforts of the author and those who speak his words in the most effectual way possible. The architect begins, then, by reading the play and studying it to learn its spirit and purpose. He then takes it up scene by scene. He considers what is the feeling chiefly to be produced in the first act and what prevailing color will best express and carry out this feeling. Suppose, for in-stance, that a quiet home scene is first to be repre-sented. The color should be warm and cheerful, but of obtrusive, and it should be such as to heighten Dark red the effect of dresses of different colors. may answer these conditions well, and at least three plays may be readily recalled in which Mr. Day has used this color in the first act for just these rease vs. When this is determined a list is made of the sha that may be worn by the actors; it may, perhaps, lude black, white, dark green, yellow, and so forti. This list is sent first to the leading lady, that she may choose from it the color of her own gown for that scene. After she has chosen it goes to the actress the has the second right of choice, and so on. This choice is of course subject. like everything else, to the requirements of the play. If the leading lady happened to have the part of a hospital nurse, she could hardly expect to choose light green or dark yellow for her gown. The dress of men in modern plays is limited by fashion to a few colors, sometimes

to one, and gives little trouble. BUILDING UP THE STAGE HOUSE.

restricted sense, must consider New he can accommodate the author's requirements for doors, windows, freplaces, balconies, verandas and staircases (suppos ing the scene to be an interior) to the possibilities of a room in an actual house. Considering that the writer is not usually an architect, it may be imagined that this is not always an easy task. Yet, suppose it accomplished. A model of the scene must then be built on an accurate scale, say half an inch to the foot, like the actual stage setting that is to be used in every parthe action share setting that is to be used in every par-ticular of form and color. This is the prettiest part of the work, for a scene model is like a doll's house (not Ibsen's "Doll's House") and seems more suitable for children to play with than for men to work with. But it is handed over to the carpenters and the painters to be magnified twenty-four diameters, and the architect turns his attention to other things. He must see that the furniture and the properties are appropriate to the the furniture and the properties are appropriate to the place, the time, the circumstances and the stage picture. The ornaments, the draperies and the pictures on the walls must be chosen and arranged with watchful care. In some of these details a little ingenuity is often worth money to the manager. "Did you notice the curtains in that drawing room scene to Mr. Day, in speaking of a play produced early this "What was the effect of them? They season. "What was the enect of them? They looked rich and costly, did they not? Well, the looked rich and costly, did they not well as stuff they were made of cost 1s cents a yard and I had, some figures painted on it. The advantage of tlass, cartains was that they did not look like anything the people in the antence had ever seen before. If I buy draperies, the admitted the curtain goes up every woman in the house knows just how much it would cost to duplicate them in Breadway or Sixthave, and to produce a good effect they, must be gennine and costly but if I can make something miline what the people have seen before they can accept it as fasteful and handsome, without knowing anything about the price.

All the work thus far may be done skilfully and well, yet much of its effect may be lost if the lighting of the stage is not adroitly managed. To be sure that this is well done the architect must do it himself, of course, and so another care is added to his lot. A short time ago a certain play had its first lot. A short time ago a certain play had its first lot. A short time ago a certain play had its first production at a benefit. It required a setting representing a room at one side of the stage, and a door yard and bit of country landscape at the other. It was prepared hastily, with no relearsal for the lights, and the result was that when a lamp was broight into the room not only the room itself was brightened, but the yard, the road and fac country for miles around was lighted up as well. When the piece was played again the architect had regulated matters and the lamp was of fewer candle power.

SOME LIMITATIONS AND SOME HELPS. stuff they were made of cost 18 cents a yard and I had

SOME LIMITATIONS AND SOME HELPS.

and the lamp was of fewer candle power.

SOME LIMITATIONS AND SOME HELPS.

There are times, naturally, when the artist is not free to mould and to color all the material of the play so as to produce the simplest harmony in the castest way. The requirements imposed by the author are paramount. If the scene calls for darkness there must be darkness, and effects for the eye demanding light are subject to sacrifice. If a dozen British soldiers are to come on the stage their costumes cannot be conformed to the colors of the walls and the hangings; their costs must be bright red, because that is the kind of coals that British soldiers wear, and everything else must be adapted in color to them. Then it must be considered what the spectators have been following at before the scene opens. The same scheme of color will not have the same effect on their eyes if they have just been gazdig at brilliant and varied bases that it will if they have been residing on an expanse of dark green. Accordingly, in a theatre that has a gandily painted act drop, colors are not to be used on the stage in the same way as in a theatre that the architect never saw he has recourse to photographs or other pictures, Thus the architectural character of Westminster Abbey was studied from many views and a good stage likeness of a corner in it was produced. It the same way, when a shop in Regent-st. was demanded by the play, pictures of buildings in Regent-st, were consulted, that the view through the windows of the shop might be a proper one. In another play a farmer's kitchen in Devonshire had to be constructed, and a well-known English actor who saw the scene in this city wrote to the author of the play that though he might see his work well acted, he would never see the stage so well set for it as it was here. And all these things were done by a man who had never been in England at all.

Mr. Day says that he has still a philanthropic work before him; he means to aboli-h files. He does not like to see the six hang down atmone the trees. He does

part to some prominent actors and managers and tapprove it. If it succeeds there are many who call him blessed, and as long as any stage inverhas a hope of banishing these strips of canvas has something to live for.